

were tried before Mr. Justice Boyd McBride in Edmonton on September 23. They pleaded "guilty" to the charges. Soucy was sentenced to 14 and ten years, and Poupart to ten and six years. In the cases of both men the sentences were to run concurrently. Mr. W. J. Shortreed appeared for the Crown and Mr. Walter J. Beaumont acted on behalf of both Soucy and Poupart.

For some time Mr. Rufers, the wounded garage owner, was near death. However, the bullet was removed from his spine during a delicate surgical operation by an Edmonton surgeon and he recovered sufficiently to be pronounced

out of danger. In all probability Mr. Rufers will be paralyzed from the chest down, for life.

The Edmonton branch of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks are now sponsoring the "Rudolf Rufer Fund", and donations are being solicited to assist him finance specialized treatment. Let us all hope that this unfortunate victim enjoys a speedy recovery. Contributions to this worthy fund may be sent to: "Rudolf Rufer Fund", Elks Building, 8910 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

(Prepared for *The Quarterly* by Cst. P. Paley, RCMP, Edmonton, Alta.)

* * *

"Durn Thet @%?&Z! Liquor Squad"

HE toiled not—but maintained a home; in fact he had evaded or avoided honest work for some years, but managed to own and operate an automobile that you and you and especially I would be proud to own. His waistline bespoke good living and lengthy periods of sitting, busily occupied, at a well-laden dining-room table; it was even crudely suggested that a spell in jail would be most beneficial, for more reasons than one, and could tend to remedy an overweight condition.

The gentleman in question was, as a matter of fact, certainly living without visible means of support. Invisible, that is, to the "man on the street" (unless this street-walking specimen of genus homo happened to be "in the know" as to where a pint of the real stuff was procurable), but not by any means invisible to the liquor squad who, by dint of sundry machinations (and a pair of binoculars), managed to ascertain that our corpulent hero was pursuing the vocation of being a friend in need to the thirsty citizenry of a certain Cape Breton town.

In short, he was a bootlegger (one report said he was a "successful" one, whatever that means). However the

pitcher may go too often to the well (not necessarily meaning that his product was overly diluted), for one wintry night, with deep snow in all the back yards, our rotund friend's house was subjected to a search, and a certain amount of illicit spirits, with supporting exhibits such as smelly empty gallon jugs and an eight-gallon (milk!) can odorous of moonshine, was found in and about the place. He was prosecuted and convicted, but not without a legal battle, for with his able counsel he went to unusual lengths to keep out of jail.

The sentence in magistrate's Court (second offence penalty under the Liquor Act) was eight months' imprisonment. He was not committed, but released on bail pending appeal against conviction. In due time, the Appeal was heard in County Court, and the conviction affirmed. The "successful" bootlegger was then placed in jail—but he didn't stay long. One day of that diet was enough for him, for the next day he was released on a Writ under the "Liberty of the Subject" Act, and the issue was considered of such moment that the arguments were laid before the Supreme Court en banco, who ordered that the application be refused and the